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Of Treachery

Felicia Chisholm

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ASSISTANT EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD

Of Treachery

Felicia Chisholm

Distant soul-sistah chides her in the chosen hour,
a distracting sugarhoneygirl— stale-sour.
Distant soul-sistah incites me nay haughty,
a dignified sweetbuttercaramel— spiff-salty.

We,
by Judas, swept away
different directions but fatally close.
Me,
emancipated,
by divine unconventional he, “You’re my Ruby.”
But like disrupted fish in diaspora to compost,
I shake,
in bed,
suffocating silent screams suppressing me,

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alone,

nauseated by the freshness of morning and the former’s decep-
tion.

Lacerated.

Slumber uninterrupted—the day’s priority—but longing
to meet death,

sí, fin de la vida, pero sin dolor,

peacefully,

involuntarily.

A newly radiant “ruby”

blind to it by choice,

and *disobedience*— my catalyst to spiritual cancer,

fighting sanity
like octopi in my larynx.

And I keep shaking, choking, pining for control.



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Still Life Disrupted

Lindsey Bargar